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A MESSAGE.

It is the early morning hour.
Old Boreas has lost his power,
For not a March-wind blast has stirred,
The while my thoughts wing Heaven-ward.
Although a woven web lies thick between
This luring earth and Heaven's holy scene,
I see celestial mansions of the golden hue
Above that broad expansive sheet of blue.
Strange lights beyond, to me it seemed,
Were so resplendent that they beamed
E'en through this cloudy curtain hung on high.
Can brilliant lamps like those beyond the sky
Be festive torches for some saintly feast?
'Tis true, I see angelic spirits greet
The Saint of honor, praying on his blissful throne;
Most gracious favors e'en by God Himself are shown
To him whose feast they celebrate.
Ah! marvelled sight! 'twould satiate
The cravings of our entire fallen race,
This precious moment in that sacred place,
O happy souls admitted there.
Your glories, too, I fain would share.

This vision vanished suddenly,
And left me all in ecstasy.
Enraptured by its very thought.
My mind to reproduce it sought.
I heard that Saint so honored pray,
For whom his prayer, I could not say.
But list! a whispering of love,
He sends a message from above.
Awaking then, to mind I did recall:
This is St. Joseph's feast—our patron fair.
His message reads, addressed to all:
"For you, dear children, was my pray'r."

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK.

"KENILWORTH."

Pictorially, there is nothing which offers the mind so diversified an order of impressions and sensations and gives to landscape such an effect as castles and homes. They add the crowning element of the picturesque—that of elegance combined with grandeur. It is the aspect of dignity and majestic historical completeness, as well as the architectural features, which makes them so impressive. English landscape, especially, owes much to its homes. In bold relief against the background of the faint blue and white English sky and shifting sky-scenery, like a knight mailclad and with visor drawn, stand, too, the cathedrals towering to eyrie heights amid the mansions and rose-gardens of England.

England is affluent—perhaps richer than any other country under the sun—in its homes; and those domiciles, whether of the sovereign or of the high nobility, of the country squire or the merchant prince, of the artisan or the laborer; whether, in fact, they are palace or cottage, or of any intermediate grade, possess a character which makes them prominent. Merry England, the home of chivalry and the garden of romance, is indeed a kingdom of homes; and these, and their associations, surroundings, and the love which is felt for them, are the main sources of its greatness. Where else can we recall such castled manors teeming with umbrageous groves and thick masses of evergreen verdure of aloe and lentisk, embowering the vast and stately castles within the walls? The villas beyond their stern enclosures are set in clipped silences of box and yew tree and shaded

by groves of ilex and bay surrounding the walls ivy-clad, tangled with roses, or starred with anemone and cyclamen in lavish and lovely profusion. Beautifully has the gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, sung of English Homes, and charmingly has she said:

"The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

Whether stately in their proportion or style of architecture, in their internal decorations or outward surrounding and visne, in the halo of historical associations which encircles them, or in the families which have made their greatness, these Homes have been fitting subjects for both pencil and pen. The above qualities have been embodied in the portrayal of English Homes through the airy medium of the novel and romance. Thackeray, the "Prince of Novelists," adroitly depicted the mansions of the *elite*, while Dickens sympathetically portrayed the inmates of the habitations of the *proletaire*. The "Prince of Romance," however, takes us from the mullioned, crocketed and gilded palace of the ruthless Queen Elizabeth to the lonely cabin of Merriam, from the humble cot of Dandie Dimont to the historic and machicolated walls of Kenilworth Castle. Here Scott has created many of his grandest scenes and clothed them with a garb and face of startling reality. He has thrown around real and authenticated scenes of history all the dazzling attractions of a fanciful conception. This peculiarity constitutes the principal charm of his novels, a peculiarity and novelty of fea-

ture that must ever secure to them, independent of glaring innovations and bold episodings, a welcome place in the student's library.

It is of Kenilworth and the "right doleful" story which has flung its ghastly shadow over this notable home in England, that we now propose to treat. In our mind, Scott has manifested in "Kenilworth" a deeper penetration into the souls of the characters delineated than in any other of his productions. All the personages of this novel, the scenes and their singular changes, appear at once before the eye, traced and drawn out with remarkable clearness and power. In this, perhaps the most inimitable of Scott's tales, a gleam of romance is cast over the supercilious infatuation of the capricious, jealous, petulant, deceitful and vain Elizabeth with her favorite, the arrogant and vicious Earl of Leicester. Queen Bess is depicted admirably and faithfully in consonance with the historical sketches, her masculine regime and haughty cruel disposition. The Earl of Leicester is also portrayed in a fitting manner, his towering ambition, intrigue, subtlety, and fox-like shrewdness are fit to stir from the very bottom the passions of the reader's soul. The grim lineaments of the stern Tressilian and the brusque disposition of Foster command our attention. Richard Varney is *par excellence* a rogue and veritable scoundrel whose trickery, rascality, duplicity, and hypocrisy are of such a caliber that in the category of ideal and actual ladrones all must yield to him the palm. In the sad denouement of Amy Robsart we see a striking character. She represents the typical woman. Her personage embodies the qualities of ideal womanhood.

"The Wizard of the North," as Scott

has been happily termed, has flung in "Kenilworth" a vivid-colored mantle of romance over the tragic end of the ill-fated daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lydcote Hall, who gave her hand on a bright June day in 1550 to Lord Robert Dudley, a "goodly personage," upon whom Elizabeth had cast a languishing and amorous eye. Dudley's ambition was ablaze at the idea of a royal alliance; and, as it is alleged, in order to clear the path to this goal of his burning hopes, he caused his spouse Amy to be put to death. In this extremity Leicester turned for counsel to an unscrupulous follower, Sir Richard Varney, who instantly resolved to sacrifice Amy in order to elevate his master to the throne and secure riches and honors for himself. Dudley was a personage of distinction, whose manor of Kenilworth was an ancient demesne to the Crown, the castle being demolished in the war of Edward Ironside and Canute the Dane early in the eleventh century. In the reign of Henry I., the manor was bestowed by the king upon Geoffrey de Clinton, who built a strong castle and founded a monastery here. On the death of Geoffrey the fortress descended to his son, from whom it was transferred to the Crown, and garrisoned by Henry II., during the rebellion of his son. In the reign of Henry III., it was used as a prison; and in 1254 the king gave the castle to Simon de Montford. In 1286, a grand chivalric meeting of one hundred knights of high distinction, English and foreign, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth. In the reign of Henry II. the castle again came into the hands of the Crown, and the king intended to make it a place of retirement for himself; but in the rebellion which soon followed, he was taken prisoner from Wales to Kenil-

worth where he was compelled to sign his abdication. Edward III. restored the castle to the Earl of Lancaster, who made to it many additions which received the name of Lancaster's Buildings. At his death it descended to his son, afterwards Henry IV. In the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the castle was alternately taken by the partisans of the White and Red Roses. In 1346, King Henry VI. kept Christmas here. Very long after the termination of the Civil Wars, Queen Elizabeth bestowed Kenilworth upon her ambitious favorite, Robert Dudley. This wealthy nobleman spared no expense in beautifying the castle and in making many splendid additions called after him Leicester's Buildings. And now we come to the part of the history of Kenilworth, which was the direct cause of the untimely fate of the wife of its lordly proprietor.

The most memorable event in the history of Kenilworth is the royal entertainment given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, who came attended by thirty-one barons, besides the ladies of the court and four hundred servants who were all lodged in the fortress. The festival continued for seventeen days, with an expense estimated at five thousand dollars a day. The sumptuous feasts of this singular and romantic entertainment present a curious picture of the luxury, plenty, and gallantry of Elizabeth's reign. The Queen arrived at Kenilworth in July 1575. She was received by a person representing one of the ten sibyls, comely clad in a pall of white silk, who pronounced a "proper poezie in English rime and meter" on the happiness the Queen's presence produced wherever it appeared, concluding with a prediction of her future eminence and success. After this

pretty device, six trumpeters clad in garments of silk, standing on a wall of the gate, with their silvery trumpets, sounded a tune of welcome. These "harmonious blasters" maintained their delectable music while the Queen rode along the tilt yard where she was surprised with the sight of a floating island on a large pond on which was a beautiful lady representing the "Lady of the Lake" supported by two nymphs and surrounded by blazing torches and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants; whilst the genii of the lake greeted her majesty with a "well penned meter," on the "Annuncientie of the Castle," and the hereditary dignities of the Earl of Leicester. This pageant was closed with a bruit of cornets and other music, and a new scene was presented to view. A Latin inscription over the castle explained the whole; this was read to her by a poet in a large ceruleous garment, with a bay garland on his head and a scroll in his hand. Thence the Queen was conveyed from her palfrey into the castle, after which followed a great peal of guns and lighting of fire-works. Besides these, every diversion the romantic and gallant imagination of that period could devise was presented for the amusement of Elizabeth and the court. There were tilts, tournaments, deer hunting in the park, satyrs, bear baitings, Italian tumbling, rope dancers, a country bridal ceremony, prize fighting, running in the quintam, morris dancing, and brilliant fire-works in the greatest style and perfection. During all the time the table was loaded with the most sumptuous cheer. The old Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday" founded on the massacre of the Danes in 1002 was also performed by some "kind-hearted men of Coventry." This pageant and festival gathered all the country around.

Let us now turn from this glitter and wondrous pageantry to the quiet of the neighboring country mansion, Cumnor Hall, and take a look at the home of the bride of the unscrupulous Earl.

"The dews of summer night did fall
The moon sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile."

Sir Walter Scott in this entrancing historical novel gives us a vivid description of Cumnor Hall. Leicester, with his accustomed magnificence fitted up a wing of Cumnor Hall, regardless of expense, for, with the hand of his royal mistress ever in view, the life of Amy was a secluded one, since Queen Bess would not trifle when the hangman's ax was too easy a call for the august lady's lips. Elizabeth having heard of the spiriting away of Amy Robsart, through her father, Sir Hugh, taxed Leicester for the abduction, when Sir Richard Varney boldly stepped in, and taking the onus on his shoulders, the Earl remaining silent, declared that Amy was *his*, Varney's wife. Where-

upon the Queen ordered the presence of Lady Amy at the revelry at Kenilworth. Scott brings about the meeting between Elizabeth and Lady Amy. The situation is intensely dramatic and might furnish a poet with ample material for a tragic drama. For its rich variety of character, scenery and incident "Kenilworth" exceeds all other productions of Scott's romantic pen. He touched all the misfortunes of Amy with a sympathetic hand, and with eagerness we watch the ill-fated lady going from Lydcote Hall to Cumnor place and thence to Kenilworth. Her fate is tragic and casts a gloom over the whole story, leaving us in bad humor with Leicester. As if Scott wished to show the justice and mercy of God, he makes the vagrant coterie of rascallions receive due punishment. We behold one by one seized with pensiveness and even madness drooping away. The thread of this historical narrative is taken up, unravelled and pursued to the end of the volume with exceptional tenacity; and the interest fastens in each succeeding chapter and kindles to the most intense and vivid pitch as we glide lingeringly over the succeeding paragraphs and sigh when the melancholy scene is closed.

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.



FROM THE SPECTATOR.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY.

The most distinguished writer of English prose in the eighteenth century is Joseph Addison. It is said that at the time of his entrance at Oxford he possessed "a classical taste and a stock of learning which would have done justice to a Master of Arts." When he was but sixteen the excellence of a copy of Latin verses secured for him at the hands of Dr. Lancaster a scholarship at Magdalen College. He afterwards was elected to a fellowship at the same institution. Addison spent the following ten years of his life in studying and observing human nature, in criticising and editing the works of classical authors, in writing poetry, and in various other ways "laying up in the storehouse of his mind those resources from which he was afterwards to draw with fame for himself and pleasure to his readers." By most critics Addison is considered a model of English style. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, one of the most correct of critics, bestows the highest encomium upon him when he says: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

The purity of Addison's life, his profound erudition, his keen observation of man, the kindness of his nature, and his zeal to elevate and improve the moral condition of his fellowmen, fitted him admirably for the task he assumed in complying with the request of his friend, Steele, to become one of his associates in bringing out the immortal

Spectator. The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers are perhaps among the most interesting essays that appeared in that noted short-lived periodical. Addison presents his friend, Sir Roger De Coverley, almost in the light of an ideal man. He is a rich country gentleman whose virtues and admirable traits of character Addison holds up to us in a manner consonant with his own idea of the beautiful in heart and mind. But not to become false to nature, he also discovers to us his failings and eccentricities. Sir Roger is thoroughly acquainted with Addison's humor and carefully respects the reticent habits of the noted essayist. Addison feels quite at ease in the family of Sir Roger, for his servants having remained with him many years, in consequence of his kindness, have grown gray in their master's service. The joy of Sir Roger's servants upon the arrival of the old knight at his home is unbounded. All are anxious to render him a service and feel themselves honored if called upon to do him a favor. The secret of Sir Roger's popularity is his fatherly solicitude for the welfare of his dependents; his household is a miniature kingdom where his looks are interpreted and his wants anticipated by his sedulous subjects. Here he happily rules as an autocrat by love, and all the servants bend beneath his kind yet absolute sway.

No two minds are alike. There is a certain something, perhaps best called individuality, by which one intelligence is unmistakably distinguished from all

other intelligences. So Addison in portraying Sir Roger makes his individuality, or difference from other men, consist in a certain extravagance which colors both his virtues and his imperfections and stamps them, as it were, with the name of their possessor. Sir Roger is clearly not a friend of the ancient languages, for, as he says, he feared being insulted with Latin and Greek at his table, and so preferred men of plain sense to those of great learning who would spring their subtle disquisitions upon him at improper occasions. In this connection, Sir Roger manifests a

trait of mind which evidently shows that Addison's preference for style, polish, and smoothness, exceeds his desires for the plain, unvarnished truths of religion. It is owing to this fact that Sir Roger always requested his chaplain to produce a sermon written by some famous divine rather than one composed by himself.

On the whole, Sir Roger is an excellent character, a father of his people, possessing in this world the fulness of earthly bliss, and doubtless secure in his hope of eternal felicity.

ALBERT RIESTER, '98.

LOVE OF SPORT.

Joseph Addison's contributions to the *Spectator* are acknowledged by all competent critics as models of a delicate taste, and a refined style. His object in writing for this paper is given in a few words of his own: "To enliven morality with wit and temper wit with morality." Besides the refined style, the essays are characterized by the equanimity of mind which the author seems to constantly maintain; while a vein of refined humor is present in almost every one. Addison's method of accomplishing his end was one which originated with himself, and it has never since been successfully imitated. He invented fictitious characters, whose merits he extolled, and whose faults he exposed. The virtues were those which he thought would better the morals of the mass of the people, and the failings were those prevalent at his time.

The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers form an interesting portion of the *Spectator*. In this series, under the title of Love of Sport, the author gives

an interesting and practical essay. He introduces the subject by defining the two kinds of labor. That which a person performs for a means of sustenance is usually called labor; while that which a person does for pleasure goes by the name of exercise. The two kinds differ only in the motives by which they are actuated. Country life abounds in both kinds of labor, and is therefore conducive to health and pleasure.

He considers the body as an engine for the soul to work with. For this purpose all the different cells in the body must often be cleansed and re-supplied. To keep them in this state, exercise must be taken, to aid in the digestion and assimilation of the food, so as to furnish material for the blood. The blood in its turn carries away all impurities that may be in any part of the body, and supplies fresh material for the rebuilding of the tissues. In this manner the body is kept in a healthy condition, and the mental faculties are preserved. Addison suggests that if

people of sedentary habits would take sufficient exercise, their spleen would sooner evaporate.

Nature would not have given us the various parts adapted to labor if she had not intended us to use them. To insure their usage she has provided that nineteen-twentieths of mankind are compelled to work for a living. The condition of the remaining one-twentieth is pitiable if they do not take exercise.

Sir Roger De Coverley belongs to that part of the human race whom necessity does not compel to labor. However, he has spent his life in exercise, as may be seen by the various trophies of the chase which adorn the Coverley Hall and even the stables. He values these mementoes very highly, for they afford pleas-

ant topics for conversations and show that his youth was not passed in idleness.

Addison thinks that riding is a most pleasant and beneficial method of exercise for both sexes. However, as he lives in town, he usually exercises with a dumb bell. He recommends shadow fighting to persons whose youth will permit.

"To conclude," says the author, "as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation."

JOHN P. BURKE, '00

COUNTRY MANNERS.

Taste, as every person must realize in his lifetime, is eminently an improvable faculty. Many are endowed by nature with a superior aesthetic sense for the elegancies of art and the beauties of nature, but all may receive culture and refinement from habit of observation among their associates, in their studies, and on their travels.

Addison must have attained that high degree of delicacy of taste for which he is justly celebrated in his writings by his deep sympathy with his fellow beings and with everything that fell under his eye during his journey through England, France, and Italy. Nothing is too mean and trivial for his observation, which extends even to the poultry yard.

In the Sir Roger De Coverly Papers, the author has deposited the fruits of his close observation upon men and things, and so adroitly has he combined

his essays into one whole that they are perused with the interest of a novel. Among the series is one article on Country Manners.

As an introduction the writer gives us a definition of the term "Manners," stating that he does not apply it to morals, but only to good breeding and behavior. Under that head he considers especially three factors; demeanor, speech, and dress. It is regarding these points that an obvious difference is noticed between townsfolk and country people.

Society etiquette with all its niceties was suggested by a spirit of deference and originated in a desire to please those placed in an exalted position or to whom men owed submission. The courts of princes soon began to widen in extent and influence and society circles were formed around the aristocracy, who exacted a high plane of living and many

civilities of those that sought admission to their ranks. The many petty courtesies and mannerisms gradually invaded society in general and began to multiply from a spirit of obsequiousness and superfine politeness and the burden of rules became cumbersome, so that the world of fashion yielded to the expediency of thrusting most of them aside.

Natural good sense refined by attending to the manners of cultured society dictates nowadays the course of behavior in society. The height of good breeding consists in observing the nicest rules of etiquette without seemingly regarding them; or, to quote the words of the author, "At present an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit

more loose upon us: nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least."

The people in the country, says Addison, always have the manners of the last age. They cling to the strict observance of ceremony with a certain obstinacy and a tinge of superstition. The author cites an amusing example. While walking one day with the "Honest Will Wimble," they came to a stile, whereupon his friend stopped short to let Addison pass through first. Upon Addison's giving him a sign to walk on, he was answered with a very serious smile and the rebuke, "whether he thought that people in the country knew nothing whatsoever about maimers."

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.



FATHER FABER.

The extraordinary attention drawn to the condition of ecclesiastical affairs in England by the recent decision on Anglican orders has caused a revival of interest in the famous Tractarian Movement of fifty years ago, of which the present agitation is but the outcome. Since the discussion of the Movement in itself is hardly possible or even desirable without considerable mention of its originators and promoters, it has come to pass that much light has been thrown upon the lives and personalities of the men who were instrumental in giving it the prominence to which it attained. Cardinal Newman's eventful career is known to every reader, and the critics seem to have cleared away what-

ever misconceptions we may have gleaned from the perusal of the Manning of Mr. Purcell; while the names of Keble, Pusey, and other prominent Anglican Tractarians, are perfectly familiar to all.

Yet in all these columns of reviews and magazine articles is seldom found mentioned in this connection, the name of Frederick William Faber who was instrumental as well as any other in bringing about the gradual conversion of England to the old faith. The reason of this apparent neglect is not hard to be found. Newman had become the recognized leader of Catholics in England after his conversion, and as such was the object at which the Es-

tablishment hurled all its invectives and abuse; he was always in the arena of public controversy and with Manning occupied an important position as prince of the Church. Faber's abjuration, on the other hand, though frequently a matter of condemnation among his former associates, was never considered such a breach of trust as that of Newman; in rank he never rose above the comparatively humble station of superior of the Oratory of St. Philip; and, with the exception of one series of sermons, never dealt in controversy: he appealed to the heart rather than to the head, and his whole life was an endeavor to preach the sweetness of the yoke of Christ and to pour the oil of charity and the will of God over the troubled waters of religious unrest.

To understand fully the immense service Father Faber has rendered to his country-men and indeed to the Church at large, it is necessary to recall to mind the religious situation as it existed in England during the first decades of this century. Catholics, as we know, were still experiencing the effects of long persecutions and legislation against them; numerically, they were few and scattered, and, as a consequence, hard to be reached by the limited number of secular clergy. Moreover, "monastic orders, the very life's blood of a Church," were but a thing of the past in the land, and the people were wholly without the stimulus and encouragement afforded by literature, ascetic works and popular religious devotions. The Established Church, on the other hand, was in that period preceding the beginning of its return to the doctrine and ceremonies, if not to the authority, it had rejected during the reign of Henry VIII., and was still in full inheritance of its puritanic characteristics—cold, repulsive,

and devoid of all the qualities that combine to make religion cheerful, attractive, and consoling.

The reaction set in at last, however, and was primarily due to a movement begun at Oxford towards a systematic study of the early Fathers, and eventually leading on to the Tractarian Movement, properly so called. Faber, who was then a fellow of the University, offered his services to the cause and was assigned the task of translating the books of St. Optatus on the Donatist schism; but study, investigation, and earnest prayer, served only to show him the weakness of his position; and like many another he finally left the Establishment, to seek truth and comfort in the one true Church of Christ.

From his youth he had always been religious. Of a kind and lovable disposition his mind readily turned towards God; and being naturally poetic, his feelings, conceptions and imaginations on sublime truths were far keener and more intense than they ordinarily would have been. These inherent qualities were further cultivated by serious meditations and a habit of introspection, whereby he learned to know himself and to correct his faults; while the knowledge of his peculiar power of fascinating others and drawing them to himself, made him feel, he tells us, "that he should hasten to lay this talent at the feet of his Redeemer." It is not to be wondered, then, that one who had found such grace and attained to such perfection even while living in an atmosphere of doubt and religious bewilderment, should manifest redoubled zeal for the salvation of his soul and for the honor and glory of God, when brought to the realization of the truth and divine mission of Catholicism.

Shortly after his conversion he began

active work in company with a body of young men who had followed him from Elton. The community was called "Brothers of the Will of God," whose object it was to assist the clergy in various ways, to bring to the people the light of the gospel and consolation in their tribulations, whether of body or soul. By systematic missionary work their efforts met with such success that "in a very few months there remained but one Protestant family" in the vicinity of the community-house at Cotton Hall, "and the Protestant Church was almost entirely abandoned." A series of Lives of the Saints was also planned and begun, and other projects under consideration when, less than a year after Faber's ordination to the priesthood in March 1847, they were temporally interrupted by the affiliation of the community to the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, just established in England under the superiorship of Father Newman.

This step did not materially affect Father Faber's plans, however, but on the contrary gave him even greater power to carry them out; while at the same time his accession to their ranks was a great gain for the Oratorians. His speedy promotion to the care of their London house placed in his hands even more authority than he had hitherto possessed, besides enabling him to exercise the influence of his personality and example over a much wider sphere. The lives of the Saints which had in the mean while been continued, met with excellent results; and much good was done by the introduction of popular religious services in the vernacular, a prominent feature of which were the devotions of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood now generally practiced. Crowds flocked to the churches

whenever the Oratorians preached, and the mere announcement that Father Faber was to occupy the pulpit, was enough to assure a large congregation. His sermons were always clear and simple, yet elegant in style, even when dealing with subtle points in theology; his delivery was eloquent and convincing. It was a theory of his, we are told, "that the simple unargumentative explanation of Catholic faith was the most efficacious means of bringing wanderers into the fold;" hence his words before an assembly consisting largely of Protestants could have been as well directed to a congregation in the most Catholic country in the world. As he became better known, letters came pouring in to him from every quarter, seeking spiritual advice and consolation; all of which were answered with scrupulous care. It would be no exaggeration, we think, to attribute to him the title and office of Spiritual Director for the Church in England.

But much as these things are deserving of remembrance, they all fade away in the lustre of his poetic fame and his reputation as a writer of spiritual works. The talent that enabled him as a student at Oxford to create "The Knights of St. John," was not to perish when he cast his lot with Christ, despite the assertion of Wordsworth. "England loses a poet." Having often felt the need of sacred hymns for congregational services, he determined to supply the deficiency himself. As a result of his ardor we now possess a large collection embracing almost every subject suggested by the doctrines and sacraments of the Church and the lives of her saints. They all breathe that spirit of ardent love, fervent piety, and entire confidence in the goodness and mercy of God so characteristic of their author; and by

their literary excellence have realized his hope that they might fill the gap so long existing in that department of Catholic literature.

His ascetic works mark a new departure from those of most spiritual writers before his time. It has too often been the tendency when speaking of God, to allow His gentler attributes—those of mercy and love, to be overshadowed by the sterner thought of His inexorable justice; to speak of piety and religion as something foreign to our tastes and inclinations, and requiring a constant coercion and subversion of the will to be put into practice. Father Faber's works display no such vein of thought. The title of his first work, "All for Jesus; or the Easy Ways of Divine Love," is sufficiently indicative in its title to explain its object. It was written, he says, "to make piety bright and happy;" and the hearty reception with which it met, not only in England, but throughout all Europe and America prove that its mission has not been without effect. Following it came "Growth in Holiness," "The Blessed Sacrament," "The Creator and the Creature," and several others, in all of

which the same purpose is successfully carried out. He had the faculty of almost compelling the reader to become interested in the spiritual difficulties under discussion; and after being made to see them as Father Faber did, no one could refuse to follow his guidance for their solution and removal. He popularized Christian truths and Catholic tenets, made the service of God a labor of love, and made it easier to meet trials and temptations with confidence and good cheer. In the words of Brother Azarias, "He sees sunshine everywhere, and the music of nature and the music of love reverberate through his soul; and in the beauties of earth, and the beauties of moral action and the beauties of truth, he catches glimpses of the Beauty ever ancient and ever new, and reflects It from his glowing page."

More than thirty years have passed since Father Faber was called from earth, but in England the good of his life-long work still continues and increases; while far beyond his native isle, wherever "All for Jesus" is known and read the name of the gentle Oratorian will ever remain loved and revered.

WILLIAM D. SULLIVAN, '97.



QUATRAIN.

Hail, Holy Virgin, fair flower of light!
 Chaste lily purer than the driven snows;
 How your white beauty glads our mortal sight.
 A beauty like to thee no flower shows.

I. Z.

RUINS.

'Tis night. Chaotic shadows haunt the gloom
O'er Afric's proudest city—now a tomb.

And o'er the ruined sight with death-like sting
Sepulchral silence falls with ghastly wing.

The moon arises, and her dreary smile
Exposes now a fugitive exile.

Rome's bravest victor in this place alone,
A wreck upon her fallen rival's throne.

With weary step he mounts the wave-lapped walls,
Peers o'er the moaning deep, to Rome he calls;

The squally winds his hollow groans refute,
As echo he receives the night-bird's hoot.

"At Rome now zephyrs breathe their vesper lays,
The dancing galleys play 'mid bickering rays,
The glittering domes resound with choice delights,
Sweet slumber falls upon the imperial heights.

"But here beneath wan Melancholy's sway
All joys as fleeting moonbeams hie away.

No friendly star cheers up my inward gloom;
No thrilling hopes in future's garden bloom."

No soothing sleep relieves his heavy eyes,
He views the ghastly shades, the shifting skies.

The silvery disk to him a shield appears,
Cloud-shreaded rays long leveled spears.

These heav'nly signs his mind in war engaged,
His martial spirits rose, and war he waged.

But soon they fell, for on this very spot
Remains the blood of Romans long forgot.

Thus passed the night 'mid pensive thoughts of woe,
Already morning rays on hill-tops glow.

No gladdening ray falls on his heaving breast;
No more his troubled mind shall find its rest.

Aghast he stands, a monument of woe,
He madly shrieks, he sees the coming foe;

For him they seek on Carthagenian shores,
And with despairing look he them implores.

"Go, tell my country-men that you have seen
Proud Marius sit with death-o'ershadowed mien,
Where Carthage stood, his seat a mossy stone,
A fragment of the nation's crumbled throne."

VICTOR J. SCHARF, '97.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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During the Scholastic Year by the Students.

OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL.

An interesting feature of the Washington's Birthday program was the debate, "Resolved, that immigration should be further restricted by law." By reason of the especial timeliness of the subject, we have arranged to give it to our readers in full. The affirmative of the question appears in this number; the negative may be looked for next month.

The second term has opened under the most gratifying signs of renewed energy and perseverance on the part of the students; both in class-work and in general conduct and application. To the outcome of the tell-tale examinations this is no doubt partly due; but even where temporal good alone is concerned, not to mention the spiritual, all improvement must ultimately terminate in the resolutions made at the retreat which so fittingly closed the first session: It has frequently been remarked that we have been singularly blessed in the happy choice of our retreat-masters; and this year has been no exception to the rule. Father Oechtering of Mishawaka who conducted the exercises, succeeded in gaining the sympathy of his audience from the very start, and continued to hold it until the last meditation. His words were listened to with much attention and, as we have just intimated, with excellent results. But one thing might be criticised in them—they seemed to be too few: we should have been well content to spend the full hours of meditation listening to his interesting discourses, so forcibly and persuasively spoken. The *Collegian* is the organ of the students, and in their name takes the opportunity of thanking the Rev. Father for the time and exertions spent in their behalf. Let him rest assured that his efforts have not been unappreciated nor made in vain.

A thing that must meet with our fullest commendation is the special devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, instituted in the College Chapel the second Sunday of February. Previous communications with the Priests' Eucharistic League having elicited the infor-

mation that there is yet no special form of devotion for Catholic colleges and seminaries—the matter being at present under the consideration of its directors—the one adopted here is but temporary and will be superseded as soon as the regular one is approved, when a branch will be formally organized and affiliated to the general League. As now practiced it consists of a half hour's silent meditation and adoration every Sunday afternoon, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed, followed by Vespers and Benediction. Attendance at the meditation is optional except to the students C. P. S.; but as a matter of fact, it has been thus far almost general and will in all probability become so as time goes on. The devotion has been the direct means of many blessings, general and individual, wherever it has obtained; and it is not predicting too much to say that great good shall result from the adoption and practice of it in our midst.

It is with no little pleasure that we announce a series of lectures to be given at the College in the near future by prominent and representative priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne. The arrangement of the course has been occupying the attention of the Rev. Rector for some time past, but it was considered expedient to refrain from giving it publicity until it could be spoken of as a certainty. This we are now able to do. Of those invited to lecture most have already responded, giving their

consent. Some unable to do so now, have promised their assistance next year: all have written so encouragingly of the movement as to leave no doubt as to the wisdom of the plan or of its chances for success. The speakers, their subjects, and the dates of lectures we are not yet in a position to state; but our next issue will contain the full schedule if not an account of a lecture that has been.

By the time the *Collegian* reaches our subscribers, President-elect McKinley will have been appropriately and ceremoniously installed as the nation's Chief. The pomp and the grandeur of the ceremonies will surpass all previous occasions relative to the inauguration of Chief Executive of our country. McKinley is now our President. We all hope that the country may prosper under his administration. As there are some national questions of prime importance agitating the country at the present time, the people will naturally manifest unusually great interest in observing and studying the acts and policies of the new Administration. An excellent practice it would be for the student to observe at least the more important matters; for, as was seen during the recent campaign, it is very essential to be conversant with current history, in order to understand the political doctrines, and, as will be the case with many a student four years hence, to exercise his right of citizenship at the polls.



EXCHANGES.

The *St. Mary's Sentinel* and *The Viatorian* are not punctual and regular in reaching our office; and *The Salve Regina* and *Radiator* have, within the last few months, failed to make their appearance.

There is a splendor and a dash about the *Stylus* which challenges our admiration and carries the most fastidious soul captive at a single charge. That the *Stylus* is worthy of sincere praise for its gumption and improvement in every line, its weal tenor, systematic arrangement of contents, and its literary merit is beyond question.

Until the esteemed but loquacious exchange editress of the *Mt. St. Mary's Record* will be able to detect the Mount of difference between the *Mount St. Joseph's Collegian* and the *St. Joseph's Collegian* we shall not pick a flaw with her arguments, for she is taller than we.

We are glad to notice that *The Fordham Monthly* still continues to uphold its well merited prestige. It is always happy in possessing poetical effusions which show that the writers possess more than mediocre talent in compositions of that nature. Fordham, the home of Edgar Allen Poe, seems to be favorable to those of a poetic mood, for their productions breathe the air of genuine poesy. It is well for a college paper to record its news, but we doubt the propriety and do not endorse the taste shown in devoting to a resume of college happenings that place in a journal most obvious to the eye, and thus throw the literary portion in the background. We note with pleasure an observation we have made on perusing the *Monthly*; namely, that as a rule it has its articles written by students. Some

exchanges would do well to heed this custom. Although we at times dissent from some of the views of the ex-man, yet his department is always interesting. We are inclined to conjecture that the *Monthly* will be next in order to follow the footsteps of the *Holy Cross Purple* and the *Stylus*, as it yet lacks a cover and its present appearance is rather unwieldy.

Like the enchanted cask in the drama of "Faust" which yielded all varieties of wine according to the drinkers' taste, just so the vintage of thought and imagination of *The Notre Dame Scholastic* furnishes a flagon to suit even the most squeamish palate. There is literature for the literary, science for the scientific, captivating, thrilling, and vivifying narratives of real life and ideal dreaming, delineations of personages of a common and uncommon type, and snatches of poetic creations of a diversified character. The cardinal feature of the *Scholastic* is the manifestation of that lordly faculty—fancy. None other of our exchanges possess writers who can lay claim to such ability for the unique and fantastic. In our opinion, the *Scholastic* has less subjectivity,—less of the brooding philosophizing spirit than its eminent contemporaries, but considering its shaping faculties, imagination and fancy, it excels them all. In the short stories, the writers always manage to concoct some means so as to weave the thread of thought in a manner which lends to them a charm at once pleasing and effective. It is no easy task to blend ideas with fancy and imagination; and to display the conception and expression of these poetic qualities in a serious composition is a rare distinction.

I. F. Z.

A DEBATE.

RESOLVED, THAT IMMIGRATION SHOULD BE FURTHER RESTRICTED.

(A defence of the affirmative by Mr. F. J. Koch before the Columbian Literary Society on Washington's Birthday.)

Mr. President:—

Two great factors confront us in this debate; the people and the country. The latter it seems calls upon our attention first. At all times has the United States had an open door to immigrants; and without them she could not have attained to her rank among the great nations of the world. When there was but a string of settlements along the Atlantic coast it was a great fortune, indeed, that the colonists were reenforced by new-comers from the mother countries.

Only in this manner were their boundaries extended farther and farther and the primeval forests taken off the hands of Mother Nature, that they might become the abode of civilized man. It is self-evident that immigration was absolutely necessary. A country of almost boundless, unsettled lands and of inexhaustible resources offered every avenue to industry. She cast a smiling glance on all those coming from foreign shores, that they might avail themselves of the superabundant opportunities and resources, and render them available also to others. However, immigration increased so rapidly that in less than a century from the founding of the Republic the desirable portions of the country were pretty well occupied. Immigration with the increase of the inhabitants accomplished still more. Amidst the phenomenal internal development of the country, many and large cities had

naturally sprung up as centres of trade. With these the various industries kept pace. But immigration had continued at such a rate that finally the labor market was supplied, and then overstocked. And to this day this excess has constantly increased. Our own population has also multiplied itself at a rate more than sufficient to meet the increasing demands of our industries. Hence it follows, that the less the number of immigrants in the future, the better it will be for our own people. This fact itself would justify our government to adopt such restrictive measures against immigration as will be an adequate protection to the American people.

Experience points out to us many other grave reasons for such action. It has taught us that immigration leads to many bad effects; political, economical, and social.

Each of these effects is of paramount concern. The vitality of our government depends on the political ideas and tendencies of its subjects. How does this apply to our immigrants? Statistics are our recourse. When the tide of foreigners began to pour into this country, it consisted chiefly of English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Germans, and French. About twenty years ago, however, there was a turning point. The nations mentioned continued to come, but in constantly decreasing numbers; while those coming since then represent the following countries in their order of increase: Norway, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, ob-

solete Poland, Italy, Russia, Bohemia and Hungary. Hence, the alien element has of late years consisted mostly of Poles, Italians, Russians, Bohemians and Hungarians. What can be said of these classes which have supervened? "Those emigrating from Italy," says a distinguished congressman, "come mostly from the southern provinces. Of them the least favorable view may be taken. They represent the most illiterate parts of Italy, and in those districts brigandage was for many years extremely prevalent." The others, especially the Hungarians and the Bohemians, are noted for their socialistic and anarchistic spirit; for their illiteracy and ignorance. Statistics show also that the sum-total of immigrants annually averages at least four hundred thousand. These, if properly distributed, are sufficient to turn the result of our general elections in their favor. Such can be accomplished by people not even in sympathy with American institutions. Brought up in and around different institutions, which have become a second nature to them, it is extremely hard for them to change their sympathies conformably to our institutions. Yes, and those now constituting the great majority of aliens are not only not in sympathy with American institutions, but they are decidedly dangerous and hostile to them. Such people are to have an influence in our general elections sufficient to turn the scale! What a risk; what a danger to the peace and prosperity of the American nation! A nation whose life has twice been ransomed by the blood of its most valiant citizens—shall its fate be so recklessly endangered, jeopardized?

The foreign element constitutes still other dangers and troubles. We know that the supply of unsettled land is now

limited. We know that the labor-market is not only supplied, but overstocked. Hence, any addition to the army of laborers tends to competition and reduction of wages. Yet, according to our immigration laws additions are still possible. The Geary Law of '91 aims to exclude contract laborers, convicts, lunatics, idiots, and such persons as are liable to become a public charge. It is evident that all laborers wishing to come here by choice may do so. And concerning convicts, lunatics, and idiots, there need be no apprehension that they could cause depression in the sphere of labor. Their condition is already a barrier to their emigrating. But, what about that Contract Labor Law? Without it the controller of a large industry could go to foreign countries, hire men at wages much above the competence they receive there, and still secure them for about one-half the price paid to American workingmen.

It would seem that this is obviated by the Contract Labor Law. But there are capitalists who secure their employees from abroad, virtually under contract. They circumvent the law. The soap factories of Chicago are a good proof of this, although not the only one. But in the overcrowding of all the various spheres of employment those immigrating by choice are of vastly greater significance. This shows that the Contract Labor Law has not answered its purpose efficiently. Are not all our cities unable to supply their workingmen with a means of livelihood? Under such competitive circumstances it is but natural that the wages will fall; the work will be done nevertheless. The result is distress. And "distress makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him with eagerness to agitators, who tell him that it is a mon-

strous iniquity that one man should possess a million while another cannot get a full meal." With the rapid increase of the population and the continuance of immigration the number of discontented people might, indeed, become alarming. "Our government would never be able to restrain a discontented majority; for with us the majority is the government." It is also a well known fact that a large class of our laborers are crowded out of employment by competitive immigrants, who are accustomed to a lower standard of living. Consequently, American workmen and their families must often face embarrassing times. This, moreover, leads capitalists to take advantage of the laboring classes by oppressing them more and more. Notwithstanding contradictions that may be made to this assertion, there are facts to corroborate it. Take the great strike of '94. G. M. Pullman maintained that he must reduce his employees' wages, because he had for some time been doing business at a loss. He was doing business at a loss; but at the same time, behold you, he declared a dividend of 2 per cent. The fact is he saw an opportunity to take advantage of the superabundance of workingmen, and he did so. Hence, what a change in the circumstances without those from other lands to complete with, to share with; without those who come here annually to the number of 400,000! Then, our workingmen would no longer be hampered and embarrassed by those whose manner of living is not only much cheaper, but often repugnant to ours. Then, employment would at least be so remunerative and abundant that our people of the humbler walks of life could in a becoming manner eat, drink, and be merry. They could then provide much better

for the necessities of life, keep the wolf from the door, become forgetful of internal dissensions and strikes, and domestic tranquility would be restored.

Whenever the material welfare of a people is impaired, their social condition invariably suffers deleterious results. Privations lead to vice and crime as a means for maintenance. At such times the rate of mortality also increases. Such calamities are deplorable. But our social fabric suffers even from the mere contact with aliens; especially with those of recent years, because they are no longer as good and as desirable as those who were instrumental in the making of this country a half century ago. The Italians, Poles, Russians, Hungarians and Bohemians are all noted for their extreme ignorance. This country spends millions annually to educate its rising generation for intelligent citizenship. She is willing to educate also those of alien descent; but she cannot educate those beyond the age at which education may be imparted. Ever solicitous for intelligent citizenship the United States has never raised her voice against the admission of those representing the learned professions, China not excepted. For, with but few exceptions, all Chinese are by the Exclusion Act of '93 barred from this country for ten years. As to the influence upon education in general, exerted by those foreigners noted for ignorance and deteriorated character, let us be practical. Let us consider the localities where they settle, constituting mixed communities in which they number about one-half or at least a goodly portion of the people. Do you suppose that the youths of the other half will be able to secure as good an education as in localities where the foreign element does not exist? By far

not; educational assemblages are outspoken on this fact. The parents cling to their former ideas and customs which they cannot change as readily as steam can transport them from one shore to another; and this influence exerted through their children cripples the education of all. Furthermore, those foreigners, whom we find in the factory or in the mine, are beyond all influences and opportunities of education; they are doomed to that ignorance and to that character with which they are endowed when they come. And "in proportion as we admit these people to a place with us do we inflict on ourselves impoverishment of citizenly talent, placed upon them by their own unfortunate history." Statesmen consider ignorance as one of the greatest dangers to the perpetuity of a popular government. Can we expect to promote our welfare by permitting our government to be thus undermined?

Although foreign nations are not all as detrimental and undesirable as the predominant immigrants of the present time, nevertheless more stringent restrictions would be most efficacious if

made general. Discriminations would affect nationality rather than number. Be it remembered they are superfluous, and would deprive our own people of the necessary opportunities, thereby causing harder times. Nor would such action be unphilanthropic. Philanthropy like charity begins at home. Although the humbler classes in foreign countries are in greater distress than our poor people, yet the other Great Powers of the world have vastly more money hoarded than Uncle Sam. Let those countries do their duty to their subjects, and the United States will likewise try to take care of her subjects.

Finally, "the exclusion of those whose presence no one desires and who are not needed is our duty to our own citizens and to American institutions. It will be a protection to all classes, especially to our working-men who are more directly interested in this great question than any one else can possibly be." Therefore, by further restricting immigration all these blessings will be secured, domestic tranquillity promoted, and civic and social dangers averted,



SOCIETIES.

Marian Sodality.—At their last monthly meeting in the college chapel the sodality elected the following officers: Prefect, G. Heimburger; First Ass't Prefect, Ign. F. Zircher; Second Ass't. Prefect, Edw. J. Vogel. After the election the Rev. Director, Father Benedict, paid a tribute to the manner in which the sodalists approached each

month the Holy Table and begged us to be mindful of the many spiritual advantages offered us in a college which those in the world are forced to forego. He exhorted the sodalists to avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from the new devotion instituted in the College of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament each Sunday afternoon.

Columbian Literary Society.—It is an old saw that says, "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." The long-hoped-for reaction has at last set in, and we may

all look forward to a period of good programs and a hearty good will. The members each and every one applied themselves to the oars, and once more we are gliding to success. The first forerunner of these better times was the recent election of a staff of officers, of which the society may well be proud. The following is the result: President: James F. Connelly; Vice President, Gerhard Hartjens; Secretary, Simon Kuhnmuensch; Treasurer, Cyril Didier; Critic, Ignatius F. Zircher; Ex. Committæ, Thomas P. Travers, Arnold F. Weyman, Felix T. Seroczynski; Marshal, John Steinbrunner; Editor Herman Fehrenbach.

It was, however, on the 22nd that the society outdid all previous efforts of the scholastic year. Each participant may be said to have deserved special praise. The program rendered was as follows: Music—Ben-Hur Chariot March,...

.....Band.
Recitation—E. Pluribus Unum,...

.....Gustave Didier.
Song—Columbia,...College Glee Club.
Oration—Memories of Washington,

.....Thos. P. Travers.
Violin and Piano—.....P. Staiert and A. Weyman.

Debate:—Resolved, that immigration should be further restricted.

Affirmative, F. J. Koch; Negative, A. E. Weyman.

The Columbian—.Herman Fehrenbach.
Waltz—by Straus,...College Orchestra.
Afterpiece—.....The court scene from the Merchant of Venice.

The afterpiece was given at the request of some of the Rev. Fathers who had not the opportunity of witnessing the entire play last June. It was presented with few exceptions by the same cast of characters. Mr. Vogel as Antonio and Mr. Sullivan as Bassanio

came the nearest to perfection in their parts. Mr. Riester as Shylock acted better than last year, but could not control his voice so well. Mr. Mungovan, while not failing to provoke ripples of laughter, was a little out of tone together with Shylock whom he was to mimic. Although Mr. Zircher was under the weather, fair Portia lost but few of her charms of last year.

Military.—Thanks to the exertions of Major Eberle and the good will manifested by the little soldiers themselves, the Walz Cadets with few exceptions are possessors of handsome new uniforms. Under the able command of Captain Engesser this company has obtained a mastery over movements which in some of our former squads would have given occasion to not a little boasting. Nor are they unmindful of the great interest which their Rev. patron cherishes for them, but are endeavoring to bring honor upon him whose name they bear as well as upon themselves.

Rev. A. Crussi has been chosen as Chaplain and Moderator to the Military Organization in lieu of Father Stanislas.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Murphy of Lafayette, Ind., paid a visit to her son Robert, Feb. 11th.

Masters Joseph and Nicholas Keilmann were gladdened by a visit from their mother and little brother on the 14th.

Very Rev. Henry Drees, Provincial C. PP. S., spent the 17th, 18th, and 19th of February at Collegeville.

Father Berg and Father Kubaski, our

popular and genial neighbors, are always welcome at the College.

Rev. F. Baumgartner, C. PP. S., who is in lasting memory at Collegeville, accompanied Father Stanislas from Missouri and spent some time in our midst.

Mr. Jos. R. Wechter, '96, of St. Mary's Seminary, writes us an interesting letter relative to his seminary life; he also expresses a lively interest in the progress of the students at St. Joseph's and sends best wishes to all, especially to the class of '97.

Among the visitors at St. Joseph's on the 22nd inst. were Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F. and Rev. Richard ——— O. S. F. of Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. Edward Jacob, C. PP. S., Wanatah, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Reifers, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. Wessel and Mrs. Graf, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Rev. B. Dickman, pastor of Rensselaer, Rev. Francis Schalk of Lowell and Wheatfield, and Rev. A. Gietl, Director of the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity, reside in the Indian Normal School building opposite the College.

Rev. Stanislas Neiberg, C. PP. S., our prefect during the first term of this scholastic year, now pastor of Sedalia, Mo., lectured at the opera house, Rensselaer, Ind., Feb. 24th, under the auspices of the Military. His lecture "Rambles in the Rocky Mountains" proved highly interesting to an appreciative audience.

The first page of this issue contains a poem, "A Message," from one of our well-known alumni of '96, Mr. James B. Fitzpatrick. It is a beautiful tribute to the patron saint of our College, but it may also be accepted as a message of love and greeting from the writer to his Alma Mater.



LOCAL GOSSIP.

How handsome are the boys in blue!

Cæsar a Bruto interfectus est. Cæsar was killed by a brute.

The class of '97 is about to take up the study of Demosthenes.

If we had more such sunny faces as the one in the north side, we should have no need of radiators.

Father Chrysostom has charge of the introductory class in Greek, and Father Mark has taken up a class in French.

Duo, si faciunt idem, non est idem subjoined X. P. when he had copied his Latin translation from his neighbor's duty-book.

The Editor of the Columbian promises to publish in the near future a complete and trustworthy history of said paper; he is at present making diligent researches among the archives and the annals of the C. L. S.

That example about specific gravity was pretty easy and Vincent expected to get a hundred percent on it; but what puzzled him was how to find the weight of a pound of lead in the air.

"Since the philosophers are ever boasting that there can be no fire without air," says A. Schmidt, "why don't they go to work and invent a powerful air-pump to be used at a conflagration instead of the fire-engine?"

Being asked to give an instance of distillation, Engesser mentioned taking a steam-bath, by which, as he avers, the fluids of the human body are distilled; Ignatius thinks passing a Greek examination would serve the same purpose.

Some one has said that expressing "foot-ball" by "pig-skin" is a metaphor

because of the similarity that exists between the person by whom the object is handled and the creature from which it is taken.—Bristles.

The bowling alley still has its habitues, but the hand-ball alley is again becoming the centre of attraction. This game serves excellently well as a preliminary practice for base ball players.

Father Crussi C. PP. S., the worthy successor of Father Stanislas entered upon his duty as prefect of discipline on the morning of Feb. 7th. He was introduced to the students by the Rev. Rector, whose pertinent remarks at once insured the boys that the new disciplinarian's interest would be our own.

A character sketch of William Dobbin written by Mr. A. Weyman, '97, and published in the November number of the *Collegian*, appeared recently in the columns of the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, Ohio. This is certainly very complimentary to our editor.

It may be of interest to all former students as well as to the members of the C. L. S. that at a recent meeting that society was assured by the Rev. Moderator of a regular course of lectures to be given in the near future. As this has been for some time past a dream of all Columbians, we need not say that they feel not a little jubilant.

This seems to be a season of dramatic productions. At present four plays are being rehearsed by the different societies. Father Clement is conducting the rehearsal of William Tell which will be given by the Boniface Society on the feast of St. Joseph. Thomas More and Hermigild, to be given in the near future by the Columbians, is being rehearsed under the charge of Father Maximilian. The Aloysians on the 28th

of Feb. will render the "Two Heroes" under the conduct of Father Bonaventure.

Father Maximilian's class in Elocution and Oratory at present is devoting one hour every week in the class room to extemporaneous debating. This is an interesting and profitable exercise, as is being evinced by the members who are always willing and ready to step before the class after the proposition and points pro and con have been advanced.

St. Joseph's has assumed a rather stern mien, as the recent semi-annual examinations have testified. Her students are not terrified, however, at the demands of their Alma Mater; on the contrary, looking over results, which are posted for public inspection, it is to be seen that most have shown themselves able to the task; on the whole, the results are very gratifying. If notwithstanding this some few have found their grades marked near the freezing point, the intimation will, no doubt, be a sufficient stimulus to fire up.

Mr. G. E. Marshall, the printer of the COLLEGIAN, has been publishing a daily edition to his paper, *The Rensselaer Republican*, since the beginning of the year. While making no pretensions towards giving telegraph news, the "*The Evening Republican*," as it is called, is a bright and interesting chronicler of local happenings and contains editorials and much timely information on topics of the day. Altogether it speaks well for the activity of Mr. Marshall and the progressive spirit of Rensselaer.

Mr. G. Heimburger of the class of '97, one of Father Paulinus's ablest pupils and a considerable artist himself, has begun with his master to paint a series of pictures to be placed in the main rooms and corridors of the College.

Mr. Heimburger's first production now adorns the hall-way of the second floor where the professors have their rooms, and it is a thing of beauty and will be a joy forever to the inmates of the house and to visitors.

Heretofore on the 22nd of February the Father of the Country has always been honored at the College both as a soldier and statesman. As a soldier, in the forenoon by drills and other exercises under the auspices of the Military; and as statesman, in the evening by the literary society. This laudable and traditional practice was gloriously kept by the C. L. S. Does the Major intend establishing Caesarism, that he has failed to follow the time-honored custom of leading out his braves on that memorable day?

What proved to be a most enjoyable treat to the students as well as to the citizens of Rensselaer was the excellent lecture delivered at the Ellis Opera-House by the Rev. Stanislas Neiberg under the auspices of the College Battalion whose Chaplain the Rev. Father had formerly been. He chose for his subject a theme well calculated to inspire his audience with patriotic sentiments, "Rambles through the Rocky Mountains." The Rev. speaker strove to impress his auditors with the idea that not beyond the Atlantic alone has God adorned nature with majestic and sublime scenes, but in our own dear land as well. He pointed out the folly of fattening the purses of foreigners with our American dollars, while our America is studded with richest gems dropped from the Almighty's hand. The Rev. Father concluded his remarks after having spoken somewhat more than an hour, an hour which all agreed could not have been better spent. The

B. C. G. acquitted themselves with credit of a fancy sword drill, while the "Select Squad" distinguished themselves no less in their manual of display movements.

ROLL OF HONOR.

L. Eberle, T. Brackmann, J. Connelly, T. Reitz, E. Mungovan, A. Missler, W. Sullivan, D. Brackmann, E. Vogel, F. Erzing, T. Zircher, V. Krull, F. Koch, P. Sailer, A. Riester, T. Rapp, F. Seroczynski, V. Schuette, T. Travis, C. Faist, W. Hordeman, G. Missler, E. Ley, P. Staiert, A. Schmidt, U. Frenzer, J. Burke, L. Linz, B. Maloy, Z. Jaেকে, C. Crusey, T. Kramer, J. Dwenger, S. Mayer, T. McLoughlin, D. Neuschwan-ger, C. Didier, H. Seiferle, J. Engesser, H. Luke, J. Boeke, E. Hefele, H. Reichert, G. Aug, B. Staiert, J. Steinbrunner, B. Wittmann, W. Byrne, H. Meighen, S. Hartmann, H. Kalvelage, J. Reifers, S. Kramer, A. Diller, W. Arnold, E. Wills, C. Rohrkemper, J. Wessel, M. Peele, E. Keily.

The Monon Route, with its accustomed enterprise, has put on a through sleeper from Chicago to Washington and Baltimore, via Cincinnati and Parkersburg, by way of the C., H. & D.; B. & O. S-W., and B. & O. The train leaves Chicago at 2:45 and Monon 5:15 a. m.

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